



## The Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 9, 1874.

The President's message submitted Monday promised to be unusually interesting. If the usual holiday recess is taken there will be only sixty working days. The Northern Pacific and Dakota Division bills are unfinished business, and may be taken up at any time. The prospects for the Northern Pacific seem better as members come in. The disposition to do something to start the wheels of industry, which prevails, is favorable. On every hand business is paralyzed. Only last Saturday forty thousand laborers in the iron district were thrown out of employment. The present session ends Republican supremacy in Congress, and a disposition to inaugurate a system of general internal improvement seems to prevail. This system will probably embrace Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Atlantic & Pacific. The latter from St. Louis to the southwest, and the various water routes to the seaboards.

### California Vintage.

The estimate of those best acquainted with the wine business of the State is that the vintage this year will not fall short of 9,000,000 gallons. Last year it was somewhere between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000. The unseasonable rains this year, which are not generally looked for earlier than the middle of November, will tend to decrease the strength, but improve the quality of the white wines and champagnes, the chief fault of which, in the judgment of connoisseurs, is that they are too heavy. The premature rains have caused the grapes to swell, tending to a decrease in alcoholic strength which will, it is thought, produce light wines of greater delicacy and finer flavor than we have had for several years. But the prospect is less favorable so far as red wines are concerned. There has long existed among connoisseurs in wines a notion that the vintage in "comet years" is always of a superior quality, and this theory seems likely to derive fresh confirmation the present year. The foreign papers state that in the important province of Marne a remarkably fine wine has been introduced this season, which has not been equalled by any vintage for many years past. The vintage in our northern counties will be late in consequence of the rains, especially in Sonoma and Napa. The grape product has been immense, independent of what is devoted to the manufacture of wines and brandies. A gentleman engaged in the business, and who has a turn "for facts and figures," furnishes us with an estimate that the amount of grapes raised in the State this year and consumed or exported will amount to 50 pounds for every man, woman, and child of our population.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

### Paradoxes.

Water thrown into a red-hot metallic vessel does not boil as we should expect, but quietly gathers itself together, forming a more or less perfect sphere, and in that condition floats about gracefully on the hot surface, as it slowly evaporates away. If at the same time a very vaporizable substance, as liquor sulphuric acid, is thrown in, the water may actually be frozen in the red-hot vessel.

Water boiled in a glass flask until the upper part of the vessel is filled with steam, and then dexterously corked, before air can gain admission, and then placed in cold water, recomposes to boil. The boiling is produced by cold instead of heat, and the experiment is known by the ordinary paradox. If steam from water boiling at 212 degrees is passed into a solution of water, the temperature of the solution steadily rises passing 212 degrees, reaches the boiling point of the solution, and finally the latter also boils at a temperature as high and even higher than 250 degrees, according to its nature. There we have the extraordinary result of obtaining a higher temperature, say 220 degrees, from a lower one—viz., 212 degrees.

If there is anything in nature that possesses a positive character, it is light. Yet physicist may so reflect the light from a given source as to cause it to destroy itself and produce darkness. In like manner, two sounds may be made to interfere with each other, and either produce silence or increased intensity of sound, at will of the operator.

Mrs. Theophilus Youngs, of Boston, fares badly when she goes out on a tour of exhibition as a spiritual medium. She plays a piano a few minutes, then the instrument keeps time by lifting its front legs clear from the floor. She gave a seance in Providence, and by inadvertence only a low chair was provided for her to sit in. So straughous was she in insisting upon a higher stool being got, that unbelievers grew suspicious, and when the piano finally danced to her playing they caught her lifting it with her knees. She was indignant at the "frocks," and retired in tears.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

How to get rich—Live on air and sleep on a clothes line.

The ladies of the sunny south dip snuff to the amount of 161,000 pounds a year.

This country used 69,000,000 gallons of whiskey last year—seven quarts for each of us.

The value of sponges collected, this season on the Florida reefs is estimated at \$65,000.

A kind-hearted boy in Pennsylvania stole \$700 and presented it to an orphan asylum.

The United States now raise only two thirds as much cotton as is raised in British India.

King Koffee, of Ashantee, is deposed. King Chickory, his nephew, now holds the sacred nubrella.

If Henry Ward Beecher continues to press his dilatory notions, he will be convicted before tried.

The Illinois Anti-Secret Society Association is in session in Chicago annihilating the Masonic fraternity.

The right to gather all the dead leaves that fall in the public squares of Paris, sells for \$17,000 per annum.

A Maryland girl who was under a tree when it was struck by lightning, says she thought some one had thrown his arms around her.

Chicago has 39 public schools, attended by about 49,500 children. The teachers number 640, all of whom, with the exception of 32, are ladies.

It's easier for a needle to go through the eye of a camel, than for a woman to say, "It's of no consequence," when you kick a hole in her new silk dress.

Toodles has been eclipsed by a fellow who attended a government sale at Fort Riley, and, being inebriated, bought four dozen pairs of rusty handcuffs.

A man named Demeze was thrown out of a wagon in St. Louis, a few days ago, and somewhat scratched. He should be thankful he got off so Demeze.

A young fellow in Grundy Co., Iowa, wanted to charge his girl twenty cents for his own picture, informing her at the time that it originally cost a quarter.

A four-year old child in Tuscarora, Pa., has actually died of drunkenness. Its besotted mother fed it with whisky until, after weeks of steady intoxication, it died.

They vote well down in Alabama. One town with 75 inhabitants gave 700 Democratic majority. In the language of the day, "They have well." Painted Woods can try again.

Few better replies are on record than that of young DeChateauneuf, to whom bishop once said: "If you tell me where God is, I will give you an orange." "If you tell me where he is not, I will give you two," was the child's answer.

The Canadian way of measuring a tree is said to be as certain as it is grotesque. You walk from the tree, looking at it from time to time between your knees. When you are able to see the top of a tree in this way, your distance from the root of the tree equals its height.

The Rev. Isaac Errett, of the Chicago Christian Church, is a business-like preacher. At a meeting of his congregation he said: "I should like to continue as your pastor another year, and will stay if you will pay me \$5,000. I cannot stay for less, and I would like an answer right away." He was enraged.

A Pittsburgh preacher has been requested to repeat his sermon, and "say it slow." In one of his sentences he remarks: "The marvelous multitudinousness of the minutiae of the corroborating circumstances are the insurmountable difficulties which unmistakably prevent the skeptic from discovering the truth."

At Maury, Tenn., a few nights ago, a young man went to bed, leaving a burning candle and pistol on the table. The dripping sperm ignited the table, the table ignited the pistol, the barrels began to explode, and when the young man awoke he was nearly buried, smothered and shot to death. The pistol received the balls and saved his life.

General Butler engaged a section of artillery, in anticipation of his election, to leave Boston on a platform car. It was to accompany him to Gloucester, to fire a gun at each stopping station between Boston and Gloucester, and a hundred guns upon reaching the latter place. He did not do it, though, as his experience in the war taught him better than to fire off guns in the presence of the enemy.

Dan Delaney is alive. It is just a miracle though. Last Tuesday afternoon he was engaged in cleaning out a well in the yard opposite the Normal School. For two hours he had been down to the bottom, and forgetting something was compelled to go up after it. No sooner had he reached the windlass than the entire side came down with a crash and filled up all the way. This is his third narrow escape, and we would advise him to abandon that business for all time to come. St. Cloud Press.

Dr. D'Unger, of the Duluth Herald, means business, and is bound to get square with the world. He says:

"All persons, no matter whether they give us a dollar, or five dollars will receive, on payment of one dollar, a receipt in full of all demands and six months' subscription to the Herald. One dollar from each one of our patrons will save lots of trouble, and avoid scores will be scratched off! Come up, and get a clearance of your indebtedness."

The most obstinate mule on record turned up the other day in Sonoma Co., California. His owner was hauling a load of lime, when a warm shower set in. The lime, soaked by the rain, was soon in a high state of combustion, and the wagon caught fire. But the animal in question, which formed one of the team, stubbornly resisted all efforts to detach him from the burning wagon, and was cremated on the spot, while his unfortunate owner stood by and misapplied Scripture.

Mrs. Carroll and Mrs. Ford, twin sisters, living in South Bethlehem, Pa., says the Bethlehem Progress, each gave birth to twins on Saturday night. The attending physician says that these cousins are almost of an age—within an hour. These sisters were married on the same day; their first children were born in the same month; their second in the same week, and their third in the same hour, and both twins—like their mothers—as related above. The four children of each of these twin sisters are alive and well.

A Justice of the Peace recently went with a young man in the country to the house of his intended, for the purpose of uniting the two as man and wife. It seems the bride-elect changed her mind, and instead of being married, heaped many imprecations upon the head of her would-be husband, who, driven to desperation, seized her, and holding her by main force, called upon the Justice to proceed, who refused to do so. The scene is described as ludicrous in the extreme.—*Magnolia, (N. C.) Record*.

A San Francisco woman who was in the habit of receiving frequent castigations at the hands of her husband, one day read the Bible story of Samson and Delilah. When next her consort was prone to sleep, she sheared him so completely that every spear of hair disappeared from face and head. Lousing from his slumber like a giant refreshed, he speedily comprehended the situation and reached for her. Such a caressing as she then received she never dreamed of before. She did not even have her usual grip on him. He was waspined, but she declared her utter disbelief in "those Bible yarns."

An innocent person met with a very painful accident under peculiar circumstances, a few days ago in Boston. An Italian peddler being insulted by a street gamin, retorted with some epithet, whereupon the boy took up a large stone and threw it at him. It struck the curbside with such violence as to rebound and strike the nose of a gentleman who was passing in a wagon. His nose was broken and turned completely over on his cheek, showing an orifice clear into his head. The gentleman fainted from pain and loss of blood. The boy mingled with the crowd and escaped.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex 0 to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex 4 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same by 2, and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you add a 0.

Now take 359, multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795, and dividing this by 2, there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

The New York Clipper relates this: "A touching incident we witnessed the other evening while attending a minstrel performance. A young and pretty Irish lass—and judging by her fresh and ruddy complexion, not very long from her own green isle—entered the auditorium, and, before taking her seat, dropped on her knees in the aisle, made the sign of the cross, slowly rose, and then went to the chair her coupon called for. We subsequently learned that she is an exemplary member of the Catholic Church, and this was her first appearance at a public place of amusement, and the force of habit induced the obsequious of a custom peculiar to the church."

Good Sense. It appears that the Bismarck Tribune, although one of the liveliest and most readable papers published in the Northwest, does not suit everybody up there, and an opposition paper is threatened. The tools are not all dead yet, and there will doubtless always be enough of them left to undertake the job of crushing out a well established newspaper by starting another when there is no business demand for it. Bismarck can ill support one paper, and Col. Lomax will doubtless keep all the patronage he has, leaving the new adventurer to feed on the few stray crumbs it may be able to pick up. St. Cloud Journal.

### STARTING A NEWSPAPER.

The inability of the printer to get square with the world. He says:

"What a few years ago was confined exclusively to the cities, is now extended to almost every village and town in the country. The press is now an indispensable requisite to advance the character and interest of any locality.

It is a very easy matter for a few individuals, interested in some enterprise,

to convene and do the "wind work"

toward establishing an "organ," but to

come up promptly with the "material

aid" is widely different. To promise

five hundred subscribers, to produce by

a mysterious method of addition a

thousand dollars to be made by job

work and advertising, is easier than to

hand over \$2,000.

Now, the good citizens of Blowtown, wanting to increase the value of "corner lots" and beautiful suburban residence," determined to establish a weekly newspaper.

To mature this design, innumerable meetings were held at the stores and such places as were

most convenient.

At these meetings

"Square Pussyman, Elder Blowhard,

"Square Easy-and-slow, Uncle Ultraman,

and Messrs. Skinfint, took the most

prominent part.

The matter was presented in every possible light.

Pussyman thought the enterprise of vital

importance—one which would do great

good without much sacrifice on their

part.

Elder Blowhard urged that a

press be immediately established; though

they should at first be compelled to

make a little sacrifice, they would realize

double the amount in less than six

months, in the way of rise in property

—the name of their beautiful institu-

tion—Cornhill College—would be

sounded abroad, and Blowtown would

be known afar off.

"Square Easy-and-slow said he was for the measure.

Uncle Ultraman thought that a paper

would pay the business men, as they

could advertise at a small cost and

receive great benefit; besides, if they

could once get the "thing" going, they

would shirk all responsibility on the

individual embarking in the enterprise,

and he couldn't back out, and if there

was any loss it would be the publisher's.

Messrs. Skinfint said their motto was,

"the greatest good at the least cost,"

and that they believed a press would

"do the thing."

"For a press" was the verdict of

the citizens of Blowtown.

The next

thing was to find some one to engage

in the enterprise who would control

the paper and puff the town.

This was easily accomplished.

A young printer, who was attending college at Blowtown, by flattery, fair promises, and misrep-

resentations, was seduced from his

studies and persuaded to assume the

responsibility of editor, publisher and

printer of the prospective paper, to

appear under the euphonious title of

"The Blowtown Scientific Investigator."

Subscription papers were circulated

and signed by men, women and boys, so

that in a short time a formidable list of

names was presented.

But then "what's in a name?" The five hundred names

were made up in about the style of

"Kansas election returns."

A few individuals subscribed for as many as ten

copies.

This was considered by them a

great sacrifice.

### The Old Forty-Miner.

"Another plenty is gone,"  
Life of the miners is hard,  
And with the miners'歌舞, too,  
Just as it did in other days.  
  
But I recall his wondrous story,  
Of tales assigned to forty years;  
Surprising as magician's lore,  
And long as his neighbor's care.  
  
At night he'd sit beside the stove  
And puff a strong and steady烟,  
The while each year his men's' wave,  
Was still more foggy than the last.  
  
And we would gather round to hear  
The old man tell of by-gone times.  
Of miner's camp and rugged cheer,  
And early comers' jokes and crimes.  
  
Incomes was he in argument—  
Of logic taught he understood,  
But facts with case he could invent,  
And pour them in an endless flood.

He argued with untiring zest,  
Defying all to put him out;  
And talked upon the whole, the best,  
Of what he knew the least about.  
  
When one a stubborn truth would bring,  
He'd meet it with: "Young man of mine,  
You cannot teach me anything,  
For I've been here since forty-nine."

His choicest tale was of a ride,  
When red men tracked him through the grass;  
And how, when all seemed safe, there died,  
By random shot, his Indian laa.

"I raised her up, but she was dead!  
My own dear wife! Accursed the fates!"  
We sobbed with him, until he said:  
"My other wife is in the States!"

(Copyright Applied For.)

### THE AMAZONIAN CORPS.

A Romance of the Army.

BY LINDA W. SLAUGHTER.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE RECRUIT.

As he did so, there advanced eagerly into the room, a well-dressed lad, whose dark, glowing face and earnest eyes, contrasted strongly with the pale countenance and listless manner of the young Lieutenant. There was that in his appearance,—a certain manliness of bearing, and an air so like a gentleman,—that the first impulse of the polite young officer was to offer him a seat. But the eager words that broke from the boy's lips, "Are you the Recruiting Officer, sir? I wish to enlist in the Army," dispelled the gathering warmth of manner, and relapsing into his usual cold indifference, he beckoned to the attentive clerk to take down his replies.

The clerk propounded the usual formula of questions, and made a note of the answers.

"What is your name?"

"Ross Inglebright."

"Where were you born?"

"In this village, sir; Gayville, Illinois."

"How old are you?"

At this question the young man hesitated, and, seeing it, the Lieutenant spoke severely:

"You are aware, I presume, that the rules of the service, positively forbid the acceptance of any candidate for enlistment, under the age of eighteen."

The lad dropped his eyes, and moved uneasily, while a vivid blush suffused his face. For a moment he seemed undecided, then, suddenly looking up, he answered boldly:

"I am eighteen, sir."

The appearance of the youth,—aside from his suspicious change of manner,—sufficiently belied the words. He was apparently about sixteen, but well-formed and tall for his age. Though the false hood was apparent at a glance, there was a frankness in his bearing that bespoke a mind unaccustomed to deceit. It was evidently no mere boy's caprice that had brought him thither. Whatever may have been the secret, underlying motive of his desire to enlist, his face denoted a fixedness of purpose and strength of resolution far beyond his years.

"What is your occupation?" resumed the clerk.

"Until recently, I have been attending college."

"Very well," said the Lieutenant,

"think the matter over, and report here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Saying this, he went out, and left the young man alone with the clerk.

Naturally enough, the tutor of the would-be soldier, was somewhat chilled by the cold, business-like formality of the whole proceeding.

He felt piqued at the Lieutenant's lack of sociability, and depressed by the utter want of cordiality in the clerk's manner. He now tried to engage that worthy in conversation, but talking was a weakness in which he seldom indulged.

"You have been in the service, a long time; have you not?" Ross observed, by way of preliminary.

A nod was the only answer.

"I have long been anxious to enter the army, I dare say, I should like it?" This was spoken enquiringly.

"Some like it, and some do not."

"The duties are not difficult, are they?"

"I dare say you will find out for yourself."

Failing to extract either information or encouragement from this human machine, Ross took his leave.

Next morning he returned punctually at the appointed hour, and again expressed a desire to enlist. He had thought the matter over, and had, at last, come to a conclusion. He was not, naturally, to be expected to make up his mind, and having once decided on a

fixed course of action, no effort amount of thinking could change his resolution.

His name was now entered on the roll, and he was required to subscribe to the following resolution:

"I, Ross Inglebright, desiring to enlist in the Army of the United States, do declare that I am eighteen years of age, and that I know of no impediment to my serving honestly in the army for five years."

The portly clerk again appeared upon the scene, and read to him in a melancholy voice, certain choice extracts from the Articles of War.

He was then dismissed, with an injunction to return at ten on the following morning.

Next day he found a spruce looking Sergeant awaiting him, who at once took him in tow and conducted him to the office of the Examining Surgeon.

On the way Ross endeavored to be friendly, and addressed several pleasant remarks to his new acquaintance. But the cool insolence of the Sergeant surpassed the calm indifference of the Lieutenant. He effectively silenced all Ross's well-meant efforts at familiarity by the curt command, "Hold your gab!"

The Surgeon was a solemn gentleman as beffited his grave profession. He looked upon Ross as a dealer would upon a horse whose merits he was called upon to decide, and proceeded without ceremony to conduct him to a surprising course of gymnastics, from which he emerged, half an hour later, with a very red face and a much ruffled temper.

The report of the Surgeon was favorable to his case, and a few days afterward, he was summoned to the Lieutenant's office to take the oath of enlistment.

A raw-looking Private, whose duty it was to keep the Lieutenant's wood box replenished, brought the message. He winked familiarly at Ross, and explained, "There's two or three other fellows up there, and the Boss wants to swear you all in, in batch."

Ross, who had chafed under the reticence of his new army acquaintances, could find no cause of complaint on that score with this individual.

Whatever may have been his faults or virtues, it was soon apparent that taciturnity was not one of them. A deluge of words arose on the slightest provocation, and his mouth was constantly in a state of overflow.

Distasteful as was his companionship, Ross listened with interest, as it was upon a subject that lay nearest to his heart.

"How came you to enlist?" asked Ross presently; when having exhausted his rhapsodies, the torrent stopped for a moment, and he saw an opening in which to launch the question.

"How came I to enlist, did you say? Well, you see how it was. Chumby. I hadn't any money, and I don't like to work, so I thought the Army 'd be a good place."

Arrived at the Lieutenant's quarters, they found that officer seated in an easy chair and engaged in perusing the daily papers. The clerk was busy, as usual, writing at his desk.

On the opposite side of the room, standing erect and in a soldierly attitude, with folded arms and eyes to bairn, was the Recruiting Sergeant. Behind him, with his tall gaunt form drawn up, straight as a six-foot rule, and angular arms seemingly glued to his sides, was a middle-aged man in citizen's dress.

This person, Ross subsequently ascertained, was a discharged soldier whose term of service had expired, and who after two weeks of freedom, in which he had spent all his five years savings, had presented himself for re-enlistment.

Nobody looked at Ross or his companion as they entered. The latter at once removed his cap, and took up his position in the rear of the Sergeant, where he posed himself stiffly and stared into vacancy.

Ross remained standing near the door, uncertain what to do. As no one

appeared to notice him, or return his pleasant salutation of "good morning," he kept his hat on his head, until permanently ordered by the Sergeant to take it off.

A long silence ensued, which was broken only by the scratching of the clerk's pen. Even the talkative young private did not dare to wink.

They stood in silence, with uncovered heads, as if in the presence of royalty, while the careless object of their homage, the young Lieutenant, whose shoulder straps constituted his claim to their humble deference, lounged comfortably in his easy-chair, like an Eastern potentate in his divan.

Ross grew very tired of standing, at length, and looked about him for a seat. But his lazy intentions were nipped in the bud by the lynx-eyed Sergeant, who seemed to divine his every thought.

"Stand, Sir," was the vengeful order, and Ross, though inwardly raging at the man's assumption of authority, thought best to obey.

Presently some one was heard coming up stairs, and a moment later, a burly, overgrown fellow in a soldier's uniform, stumbled awkwardly into the room. Hastening forward, he squared himself before the Lieutenant, and, with a bow, threw up his right arm, and let fly his open hand with such vigor and recklessness.

now of him, that Ross stepped quickly forward to ward off the impending blow.

The next instant his mistake was apparent, and he fell back, blushing painfully. The fellow was only giving the proper military salute.

The Lieutenant lifted two fingers in acknowledgement, and ordered the soldier to "proceed." The man stated that the recruit for whom he had been sent, had changed his mind at the last moment, and refused to come to take the oath.

The Lieutenant ordered the Sergeant to return with the soldier, and ascertain the cause of his refusal, and the two departed together.

After the lapse of half an hour, they returned, leading between them, a young countryman, whose rosy face bore unmistakeable traces of the first stage of intoxication.

Ross saw this with pain, as the newcomer was like himself an aspirant for military honors.

His previous scruples, from whatever cause they may have arisen, had utterly vanished, and he was not only willing, but boisterously impatient to take the oath. The Sergeant with difficulty repressed his noisy enthusiasm, and, at last, by sundry shakes and whispered threats, succeeded in reducing him to a show of decorum.

The Lieutenant then arose, and signaled Ross and the two others to approach the table.

They did so, the Sergeant holding the countryman firmly by the collar.

The clerk arose likewise, and took down book from the top shelf of the secretary, which he opened and handed deferentially to the Lieutenant. That officer then proceeded to administer the oath, separately to each, and last of all to Ross, as follows:

"I, Ross Inglebright, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all enemies and aggressors, and observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles for the government of the Army of the United States."

As these solemn words were repeated, Ross felt his heart swell with emotion. His dark eyes kindled, and his cheek flushed. His form was drawn up to its full height, his right arm uplifted, and he looked, as he stood there in his boyish beauty, the embodiment of youthful grace and courage.

At last the dream of his life was near completion! His boyhood's romance had culminated in the glory of reality! He was a soldier! and the young blood rushed hotly through his veins, and set his heart bounding and his brain reeling with the dizzy thought.

The lad's agitation did not escape the notice of the young Lieutenant. It may be that a reminiscence of his own boyhood was stirred at the sight of this handsome, high-spirited boy taking his first rash impulsive step in what he deemed a flowery path of honor and prosperity, but what was in reality a rough and stony road of bitter servitude.

When Ross had been dismissed, and the others had left the office, he took up the descriptive list, left by the clerk upon the table, and studied it carefully.

"Born in Gayville, State of Illinois, is eighteen years old; 5 feet 6 inches in height; has dark complexion; black eyes; dark brown hair; complexion, stout."

"A student; he looks like one! But his age,—he can't be eighteen; his face shows that!—and the name,—"Ross Inglebright!"—assumed, of course. Well, poor fellow! I'm sorry for him, but he's in for it now!"

(Continued next week.)

#### Trades Union Funds.

Some of the trades-unions of this country and England have accumulated large sums of money. One English society claims a capital of \$2,000,000. Another has over \$1,000,000. It is but natural that these enormous sums in the hands of men unaccustomed to the use of money and ignorant of the alphabet of political economy, should be misappropriated. In too many cases they are worse than wasted. Men shirk work because they know they will get a regular stipend from an overflowing treasury by asking for it. They strike foolishly and vainly, because they know that the union will pay them while idle, and they like such easy methods of earning money. Even when necessity forces operatives to strike, the funds given to them are still wasted. They are spent unproductively for the support of men who do nothing in return. So much capital is destroyed. The workingmen are therefore worse off than before. They have dissipated a great part of the funds of their union, and have almost certainly got no satisfactory returns for the money, and they have diminished the stock of the world's capital, and have therefore lessened the chances of future employment for themselves and for all toilers.

Ross was standing near the door, uncertain what to do. As no one appeared to notice him, or return his pleasant salutation of "good morning," he kept his hat on his head, until permanently ordered by the Sergeant to take it off.

A long silence ensued, which was broken only by the scratching of the clerk's pen. Even the talkative young private did not dare to wink.

They stood in silence, with uncovered heads, as if in the presence of royalty, while the careless object of their homage, the young Lieutenant, whose shoulder straps constituted his claim to their humble deference, lounged comfortably in his easy-chair, like an Eastern potentate in his divan.

Ross grew very tired of standing, at length, and looked about him for a seat. But his lazy intentions were nipped in the bud by the lynx-eyed Sergeant, who seemed to divine his every thought.

"Stand, Sir," was the vengeful order, and Ross, though inwardly raging at the man's assumption of authority, thought best to obey.

Presently some one was heard coming up stairs, and a moment later, a burly, overgrown fellow in a soldier's uniform, stumbled awkwardly into the room. Hastening forward, he squared himself before the Lieutenant, and, with a bow, threw up his right arm, and let fly his open hand with such vigor and recklessness.

Now of him, that Ross stepped quickly forward to ward off the impending blow.

some capital, uses the weapon against instead of for the employee. It might so readily be used for his advantage that this error needs a protest. In very many cases it would be cheaper for a trades-union to set up a lot of its members in business on their own account than to support them during a strike.

Why should it not do so? The danger of this course would be that the inexperience of the men might wreck the enterprise. To avoid this peril, the union might devote its surplus funds, from time to time, to enabling its members to buy an interest in the shops in which they belonged. There are few employers who would not be willing for ready cash, to form an industrial partnership with their men on the plan which the Briggs Brothers' experiment has made famous.

A loan to men thus taken into partnership, secured by a mortgage on their stock, would be as safe as any investment. In this way a trades-union could gradually make all its members independent, instead of keeping them and their successors poor.

It is because this productive use of the capital accumulated by labor is so easy that its unproductive waste is inexcusable.—*Chicago Tribune*.

### CHARLES H. McCARTY, LIVERY, SALE

—AND—

### FEEDSTABLE

Cor. Third and Thayer Sts.

Buggies and Saddle horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

Our buggies and harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

Our Stable is large and airy and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country. Stock sold on commission.

### CAPITOL HOTEL,

### BISMARCK. — D. T.

Opposite the N. P. R. R. Depot.

This Hotel is new and kept in Good Style. Travellers will have every accommodation to insure their comfort.

### R. R. MARSH & CO., Proprietors.

### M. M. FULLER, Commission Merchant,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will find it to their interest to communicate with us before purchasing elsewhere.

### OSTLAND'S Livery & Feed STABLE,

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our Stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

My Stable is large and airy, and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country.

### B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D., Physician & Surgeon

U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon.

